On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall,
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignall to begin.

Mart. Sound Trumpets, and ſet foorth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Counſell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deare blood which it hath foſtered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours ſword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie ſet on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the ſweete infant breath of gentle ſleepe,
Which ſo rouzd vp vvith boyſterous vntunde drummes,
With harſh reſounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhock of vvrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs vvade euen in our kinreds blood:
Therefore vve baniſh you our territories.
You Cooſin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till tvvice fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Bul. Your vvill be done; this muſt my comfort be,
That Sunne that vvarmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me;
And thoſe his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall poynt on me, and guild my baniſhment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which

Which I with ſome vnwillingnes pronounce,
The ſlie ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deare exile:
The hopeleſſe word of neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie ſentence, my moſt ſoueraine Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deepe a mayme,
As to be caſt foorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands:
The language I haue learnd theſe fourty yeares,
My natiue Engliſh now I muſt forgoe,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more
Than an vnſtringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning inſtrument caſde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Iayler to attende on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy ſentence but ſpeechleſſe death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compaſſionate,
After our ſentence, playning comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light,
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your baniſht hands.
Sweare by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile

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